

THE AMADOR LEDGER.

Established November 1, 1855.

JACKSON, AMADOR COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1901.

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FATE'S TABLET.

You must have known her had you seen her face. That moment turned away, as by the passed; It must have told you, that confiding glare, Of one could not but love you to the last.

And had you heard her voice you must have known; She little talked and softly all that day. Something, perhaps, was on the June wind blown To her could not but love you age and awe.

You did not see her, and you did not hear; She saw not, heard not, you as by the passed, And it was once more written, "Year to year You shall go, seeking, seeking to the last."

—John Vance Cheney in Harper's Bazar.

"BY ORDER OF THE BOARD."

BY M. QUAD.

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For seven years old John Fodick had been paying teller of the First National bank in a western town. Previous to his taking the place he had been a private banker and merchant and had played in hard luck. He had renounced the place through having the friendship of the president, but there had been a "ring" against him in the bank. The place had been promised to a relative of the cashier's, and old John was looked upon as an intruder. Without the president behind him, even after he had held the place for three or four years, he would have been fired by those in authority. He was a man who said but little and rendered faithful service. As he grew old they tried to make his age a point against him, and, notwithstanding that, it was hoped that he might get caught



up on a forged check or some other act of carelessness. He went his way without fighting back. If he lost his place, it meant poverty to himself and wife in their old age. He was prompt, careful and systematic, and the plans of his enemies were defeated.

The seventh year was drawing to a close when old John was caught up. A stranger presented a check which he hesitated to pay and about which he consulted the cashier. Later on the cashier stated that he had ordered it to be held pending examination. Old John said that he had been ordered to pay it at once. The check was paid, and, being spurious, the bank was \$800 out of pocket. It was a question of severity between cashier and teller, and it was decided within the bank that the cashier had the better of it. Just then, too, old Fodick slipped in a wrong figure in making up his day's account, and, though it made only a difference of 7 cents in the total, it seemed to prove that old age and carelessness had unfitted him for his position. The president being in Europe, the board took the case under advisement, and "by order" the old man was fired out into the world to begin life anew. There were resolutions, of course, and one of them was to the effect that the bank presented him with the sum of \$100 for long and faithful services. He put on his hat without protest, and he left the bank without taking the money. At his humble home an old and anxious wife met him and, wifely, gave him sympathy and encouragement first of all.

"Never mind, John; never mind," she kept saying. "We have a few dollars ahead, and you are only 55 years old, and something good is sure to turn up. You have fought too long to give up now."

But the weeks went by, and nothing turned up. The business world has very little use for an old man who has no capital. John Fodick's savings were gradually used up, the generosity of his few friends exhausted, and there came a day when the question of food and fuel became a serious one. He was not one to sponge or turn beggar. If the world would not let him earn his food, at least he would go out and hope that his going would open the hearts of men toward his widow. After pondering for an hour he started out with the firm intention of drowning himself in the river. It was a blistering November day, and as he passed the bank with bowed head, bent shoulders and worn garments even those who had despised him in his place felt a touch of sympathy. He was making for the suburbs and a highway bridge and wondering how long it would take to drown and what men would say of him when dead when he caught sight of men and horses skulking behind an abandoned factory.

It was singular, bound on such a mission as he was, that he should have seen or wondered and speculated on why those men and horses were there, but he had scarcely passed the old factory when he suddenly turned about and ran for the business part of the town with speed that astonished himself.

In the vaults of the First National bank was a sum close upon \$300,000, deposited there temporarily by a railroad company. Outside the vault was a big safe containing \$25,000 more. It was a quiet afternoon, with few people moving about. Over 100 of the men living in town had gone over to the new town of Prairie Flower at an auction of real estate. There hadn't been a better opportunity for years to make a dash at the bank. It was a civilized young city, but within striking distance of No Man's Land and a hundred desperate outlaws. Of a sudden old John Fodick, bareheaded and his gray hair flying, burst into the bank. He was speechless with his running, but he did not try to use his voice. He dashed open the gate and seized the heavy doors of the safe and closed

them with a bang. Several employees tried to seize him, but he shook them off, and just as firing and yelling were heard on the street, he slammed the doors of the vault. He had only turned from it when four border ruffians dashed into the bank, each with a pistol in hand, while three others remained outside and fired at every pedestrian in sight.

"Hands up and money out!" shouted one of the three who entered the bank, and in an instant every official and employee was covered.

The cashier wilted, and the others followed suit, but old John Fodick stood up gamely under the deadly revolvers and quietly said: "Gentlemen, this bank is closed for the day."

"Open the safe and vaults or I'll blow your brains out!"

"I have a key to neither."

"You liar! Take that!"

The old man sank with a bullet in his brain, and the white faced cashier would have opened safe and vault with his own hands but for the arrival of assistance. A few citizens had gathered and killed one of the watchers and wounded another. This caused a stampede on the part of the desperadoes. They did not even grab the money packages in sight, but hastened to get away as fast as possible. John Fodick had not drowned himself, but he lay dead. He had been discharged on account of old age and carelessness, but his speed and acumen had saved the First National bank from being cleaned out. He wondered what would say of him after death. They said he was a hero. He had hoped men would have pity on his aged widow. When he had been laid away, the bank voted her a life pension, the citizens and the railroad company made up a public purse, and she wanted for nothing the rest of her life.

Changed Their Drinks.

"A number of years ago," said a temperate advocate, "the Rev. Thomas Colson went west. He stopped off at a town which was the loafing place of a large number of cowboys when they were off duty. These rough looking fellows, with revolvers strapped to their sides and wearing belts filled with cartridges, met Mr. Colson and asked him to take a drink. He declined at first, but they insisted, and he went along with them. When the party reached the saloon, the biggest of the three called out, 'What are you going to have?' The other two said, 'Whisky.'"

"Give me whisky, too," he said.

"What's yours?" he asked to Mr. Colson.

"Water."

"Water, eh?" exclaimed the big fellow. "See here, stranger, you drink what them other gents drinks or I'll spring a few leaks in your swallow."

"He drew out his revolver and handled it menacingly."

"You didn't dictate to these gentlemen that they should call for, did you?" said Mr. Colson.

"No."

"Well, you can't dictate to me, either. My drink is water. I always thought you would be too much of a gentleman, Dave, to question a man's right to choose his own drink when he was your guest."

"Well, string me up if it ain't Tom Colson!" exclaimed the man, who had recognized his boyhood friend. "He and Tom used to go to school together, fellows. Well, if I ain't glad to see you! I want to apologize to you, Tom, for what I said, and I want to say to you, fellows, that you'll change your order and drink what Tom drinks or pop goes the glasses!"

Horse Phenology.

Horse phenology is the latest discovery of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England. According to Harold Leeney, a member of the college, it is easy to tell a horse's character by the shape of his nose. If the nose is a gentle curve to the profile and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive, it is safe to have on the animal as gentle and at the same time high spirited. If, on the other hand, the horse has a dent in the middle of his nose, it is a deadly safe to set him down as treacherous and vicious. The Roman nose horse is sure to be a good animal for hard work and safe to drive, but he is apt to be slow. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be a cowardly fellow, and a horse that droops his ears is apt to be lazy as well as vicious.—Farmers' Advocate.

A Democratic King.

A story illustrating the democratic simplicity of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway is told in the Echo de Paris by M. Gaston Bonnier, the botanist. M. Bonnier was botanizing near Stockholm when he met a stranger similarly occupied. The two fraternized, and M. Bonnier suggested that they should lunch together at an inn. "No, no," said the stranger, "I'll instead," said the stranger, and he led the way to the palace and opened the gate. M. Bonnier was naturally astonished, but his new acquaintance was most apologetic. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I happen to be the king of this country, and this is the only place I've got to entertain anybody in." So they went and lunched and talked botany together all the afternoon.

Food Values.

Blanched almonds are the highest kind of nerve or brain or muscle food, having no heat or waste, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. Walnuts give brain or nerve food, muscle, heat and waste. Green water grapes are blood purifying, but of little food value. Blue grapes are feeding and blood purifying, but too rich for those who suffer from the liver. Tomatoes have higher nerve or brain food qualities; they are thinning and stimulating. Juicy fruits give more or less nerve or brain nutriment and some few muscle food and waste. Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give staying qualities. Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food, supply heat and waste, but are not muscle feeding. Oranges are refreshing and feeding. Green figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste. The great majority of small fresh seed fruits are laxative. Lemons and tomatoes should not be used daily in cold weather; they have a thinning and cooling effect. Raisins are stimulating according to their quality.

ONE ON HIS FATHER.

Smart Youth Is Caught, Then Victimizes Parent.

The 12-year-old son of a Van Buren street fond parent recently became the proud possessor of some guinea pigs. A day or two after the same were safely corralled in a cage he went about bragging of his new acquisition among his playmates. Now, it seems these youngsters know of "sell" in which guinea pigs play a prominent part. They started to "hook" the youngster and caught him fast and hard.

He felt so bad about it that he started in turn to "sell" some one else. His father was the victim.

"Did you know, papa, that if you had a guinea pig by the tail its eyes will drop out?"

His father laughed outright.

"Why, who in wonder told you such stuff, Louis?"

"The boys all say that," answered Louis, sober as a judge, "and it's so, yes, sir."

"Oh, nonsense," said his father, still laughing.

"Well, you go to the cage and hold one up and you'll see."

Just to humor the boy the father went out. In a moment he came back looking well, looking just like a man that's been badly sold.

"The little rascal got me that time," he replied to a friend.

"But I don't see the point," said the friend.

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Well, guinea pigs have no tails."—Topeka Capital.

The Magic Lantern.

How many of us while using magic lanterns have wondered how they were first made? Indeed they are of very respectable antiquity. As early as the seventeenth century a Jesuit named Kircher constructed one. It was a very crude affair, and as he was not unwilling to excite the fears of the persons who witnessed his exhibitions he called it a "magic" lantern, and so it has always been called.

There are reasons to believe that the lantern was in use even earlier than the seventeenth century and that the mysterious figures which the old astrologers produced in the smoke of their mystic fires were produced in the same way as Kircher produced his, the smoke hiding the lantern.

Corsets.

In the main Corsica, where it has no French officials to leaven its politics, is still Corsican rather than French, and in the mountains the old spirit of independence is far from dead. For these and other obvious reasons France is bound to keep active garrisons in the island, though she would do better by much with the more acceptable chains of a maternal administration. More railways, drained marshes, increased education and a daily steamboat service would bind the island to the continent in self interest and gratitude. As it is it is scarcely too much to say that Corsica is only kept from open revolt by the element of prosperity brought to her by the tourists of winter.—Chambers' Journal.

Grateful Italians.

Bridget—Sure, phy do thim Oitalyons be makin ready to celebrate Columbus?

Patrick—It's history ye shud study, Biddy. Columbus landed in 't West Indies and discovered bananas.—New York Weekly.

AN INSPIRATION.

It showed the Bashful Youth a Happy Way to Pop the Question.

"It's a go," announced the young man with beaming face, "and the happy day has been set!"

"So you got your courage up to the point at last?" said the friend who understood the situation.

"Yes, say, it isn't hard when you get started. But it is a wonder I didn't get nervous prostration before I made the plunge! I was six months trying to get courage enough to ask the all important question. But every time that I opened my mouth to speak I simply broke out into a cold sweat and couldn't say a word for the life of me. I would have retreated a dozen times bag and baggage if I could have done so gracefully. Not that I didn't want the girl, but simply for the reason that I was afraid of being able to ask her to be my wife. The girl acted, too, as if she had a right to hear something to the point. But I could only sit there like a chuckle headed idiot and abuse the weather. I would have been right there in the same horrible situation if something hadn't happened to break the ice."

One night last week we were sitting side by side on a sofa and during one of those blissful moments when nothing was being said I chanced to notice the girl's eyes intently fixed upon a motto that hung on the wall opposite and which read, "Love One Another."

"I'll be hanged if I ever saw that motto before, but it gave me an inspiration, and I leaped over and murmured, 'Shall we?'"

"Shall we?" she murmured, "I don't mind," and it was all over but the shouting!—Detroit Free Press.

The Right Word.

"Why do you speak of him as a finished artist?"

"Because he told me he was utterly discouraged and was going to quit the profession. If that doesn't show that he's finished, I don't know what does."—Chicago Post.

The Bishop Knew Him.

A story current about the bishop of London represents him as a bored listener to a windy speech. Turning to a fellow sufferer, he said, "Do you know that speaker?"

"No," was the answer.

"I do," said the bishop. "He speaks under many aliases, but his name is Thomas Rot."—London News.

What Was Wanted.

"Please, I want a pennorth of—er—er—I want—er—er—"

"Have you forgotten what you came for?"

"Yes; that's what I want."

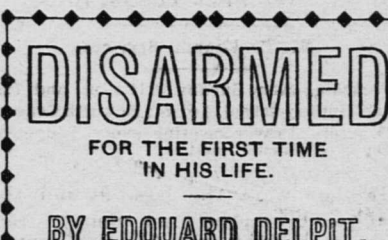
"What?"

"Camphor."—Moonshine.

Baby's Need.

Mamma—We must get a nurse for the baby.

Papa—Nurse nothing! What he needs is a night watchman.—Exchange.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE.

BY EDOUARD DELPIT.

A light touch from the old-de-camp, a spring, and she is in the saddle. Away she goes. "Who loves me follows me."

They invariably follow her. One should see her as she passed through the town, few over the roads and gained the country. Nothing seemed to stop her, neither wood nor field nor flood. Then came the sudden wave of her hand, a gay "Goodby!" to the general, an "Au revoir!" to the young officers, and she was out of sight, leaving never a trace behind.

"Thunder and lightning!" grumbled the general. "How does she do it? We have once again been outwitted."

The next morning found her again at the commandant's saucy as ever. She gave the sentinels a merry little military salute with her dainty riding whip, delivered up her horse to be taken care of and moved straight toward the dining hall, where covers were set for the general's breakfast. They breakfasted together quietly, but toeward the end the general seemed to get somewhat restless. He could not restrain three or four formidable "hems," and he sent the attendants flying about in all directions.

"We are not here for amusement," she remarked. "Drink your coffee."

He drank it, mentally feeling anything but amused. Certainly he had met women of many kinds, but never anything like her. Was he afraid of the little creature, he wondered? He recalled their meeting just a month before in Paris. He remembers still how the moment the train was starting she had climbed in with the rapidity of a little squirrel and taken a seat beside him in the compartment, settling herself so cozily and coquettishly and arranging her packages with a pretty order. Then little by little the eyes closed, the head leaned heavily forward and was soon lying in sleep against her neighbor's shoulder.

"Thunder and lightning!" One does not disturb the sleep of a little child, but when she opened those big astonished eyes and looked about it was different. He might surely be forgiven for stooping to get a kiss. Unfortunately it was the greasy cushion of the seat which received it, while mademoiselle moved into a corner for the rest of the journey. Not very vexed, however, for he saw a slight smile hovering about her lips.

It happened that both were going to the same place.

Two days after the garrison was up-side down, and the funniest part of the affair was that while she seemed to know everybody nobody knew her. A handkerchief which she unwittingly let drop had a baron's wreath embroidered in the corner, whence she came to be called the "Little Baroness."

If only that animal, his nephew, who was so shrewd and was keen on the scent as a bloodhound, would turn up, he would find things might go better. But not Guy was coming. He was three months now since they had that quarrel. The imbecile, not to wish to marry the young girl who was being specially trained for him at the convent of the Assumption and to take it into his head to marry a widow! A widow! He never would consent to Guy uniting himself to a woman old enough to be his mother. Never!

So the first captain had taken his daughter and the pleasure of the general's sister with him. For the two were all that remained of the old family, and nothing ought to have separated them.

Yet a mere caprice had done it. The uncle of course made up his mind to disinherit the nephew. His money would go to some charity unless—

And the image of the little baroness came before him flying over the hedges and the ditches, with her sharp little speeches and clear ringing laugh. Yes! Why not? He would marry her! Guy of course would retort, "You should be her father." Well, every one to his taste.

This resolution taken as the result of the reflections which had prevented her from swallowing his coffee, his anger against Guy became stronger and stronger.

But what a dance the little baroness ed him! Though each day seemed to add to her charm, it also seemed to add to her capriciousness. Not a word could he get with her. The moment he opened his mouth to say anything to her she would retort, "You should be her father." Well, every one to his taste.

One morning she said: "Our last promenade, general."

"Why?"

"You will soon know. Would you mind having this last ride without company?"

She went at her everyday madcap pace, all the time leading the way. When she came to the wood, the general to give her usual laughing face, well and disappear forever from his sight. Now or never he must make his proposal. Let Guy think of it what he might. In two bounds he was by her side. She coolly demanded:

"What, you are not out of breath?"

Whether he was or not had little to do with the matter. He murmured through his clenched teeth in a voice which slightly trembled:

"Listen, I have something to say to you very serious."

She shook her head in tender rallery. "Let us have a gallop. Seriousness is so fatiguing."

Never had she looked so beautiful; never was Guy farther from the general's thoughts.

They were now going along a well kept avenue. The chestnut of the little baroness neighed. She touched him lightly with her whip—a flash—the general was alone.

A sudden turn in the avenue brought him in front of a large square, and he was just in time to see a glimpse of a riding habit disappearing through a door.

Furious, he knocked as if to break down the house. There was no necessity for such violence. The door was quickly opened, and it seemed as if he were expected, for the valet de pied without asking him his name showed him into a luxuriously furnished apartment.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF AMADOR COUNTY.

State Senator..... Hon. John F. Davis

Assemblyman..... Hon. Fred L. Stewart

Superior Judge..... Hon. R. C. Rust

Sheriff and Tax Collector..... U. S. Gregory

Deputy Sheriff..... J. Podesta

County Clerk and Auditor..... C. L. Podesta

Deputy County Clerk..... D. E. Brown

Trustee Attorney..... C. F. Vialin

Treasurer..... S. G. Spagnoli

Recorder..... D. A. Patterson

Deputy Recorder..... Robt. I. Kerr

Assessor..... John Marchant

Deputy Assessor..... George F. Mack

Superintendent of Schools..... Geo. A. Gordon

Coroner and Administrator..... Geo. A. Gritton

County Surveyor..... W. E. Downs

County Physician..... Dr. A. M. Gail

Steward of County Prison..... A. C. Barrett

SUPERVISORS.

Township One..... M. Newman

Township Two..... W. M. Amick

Township Three..... A. B. McLaughlin

Township Four..... E. B. Moore

Township Five..... Fred B. LeMoine

The regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors is held on the first Monday of each month.

Fred B. LeMoine, Chairman.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

TOWNSHIP ONE..... H. Golden

Justice of the Peace..... P. Kelly

TOWNSHIP TWO..... James McCauley

Justice of the Peace..... J. E. Kelley

TOWNSHIP THREE..... A. W. Robinson

Justice of the Peace..... James Lessley

TOWNSHIP FOUR..... J. H. Giles

Justice of the Peace..... D. F. Gray

TOWNSHIP FIVE..... J. Blument

Justice of the Peace..... William Scoble

ment, a boudoir draped with choicest

tapestries and laden with delicious odors.

Letting his eyes roam over the various articles of vertu with which the room was adorned, he felt spellbound as his gaze rested on the mantelpiece. Surrounded by a frame of flowers, one miniature stood out in bold relief, a portrait of himself, the one which had been painted after the African campaign. It was almost a masterpiece and had the signature of his dear sister, Guy's mother.

"Here I am. What is the matter, general?"

The little baroness had come quite close to him, silently as a fairy.

"There is—The devil fly away with me! I don't know what to say! I have come to tell you—explain to you. What am I doing there on that mantelpiece?"

"Does that displease you?"

"I did not say so. But I cannot quite understand."

"It is a present I had from my sweetheart."

"Your sweetheart! You are going to be married?"

A joyous voice answered from behind:

"If you are willing, uncle."

"Guy! My nephew?"

The little baroness shrugged her shoulders, saying with her merriest laugh:

"Oh, no! He will not permit you to marry a woman old enough to be your mother."

"Oh! You! Ah, if I were only 20 again!" And, kissing the sparkling face, he murmured, "Disarmed!"

"For the first time in your life, my general," said the little baroness proudly.—Translated from the French of Chicago Times-Herald.

Soup.

In advice about soupmaking you will frequently be reminded that the scum which rises to the surface when preparing the stock should be removed. There is no reason in thus removing what is in reality meat juice coagulated by the heat. If you allow it to remain until the boiling point is reached, it will disappear in the stock and increase its value. When preparing chicken stock, put the fowl, disjointed, in cold water sufficient to cover it and let it slowly heat to boiling point. Reserve the breast, however, and when the water is at boiling place it on the top of the other pieces, where it will steam without being under water. Cover the kettle closely and let it simmer for at least four hours. The breast will then be in a good condition to use in salads or in any dish requiring chicken meat, while the stock is ready for use.

Religious Mendicants in Russia.

There are two types of tramps in Russia, and they may be classified as the authorized and the unauthorized, says a foreign correspondent. The first are the so called religious mendicants, who are protected by the church and tolerated by the police; the second are the common vababonds. Their national name among themselves is Gorion—mourners or victims of grief. If you ask them why they do not work—and the great majority are perfectly able to do so—they reply in the forlornest voice mortal ever heard, "Master, I am a Gorion, a victim of sorrow." They seem to have accepted the philosophy that a certain number of human beings are preordained to a life of misery and sadness, and they pose as members of this class.

To Punish Johnny.

Francis Parkman, the historian, had a Mosaic idea of justice. A friend met him one day walking along the street leading a street boy with either hand.

"What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked his friend. "I found that Johnny here had eaten all of the apple instead of dividing with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy and make Johnny watch him while he eats it."

We Are Accurate.

OUR PHARMACY DEPARTMENT CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

We Are Prompt.

THE CITY PHARMACY.

ROBERT I. KERR

Main Street JACKSON

A WHITETHORN WOOD.

Oh, King Arthur's court went a-dancing to the Maying.

'Neath the spring's new sky, mid the spring's new blossoms straying;

Light laughs laughed they and sweet words they were saying

In a whitethorn wood in the Maytime!

Sir Launcelot and the queen from the Maytime strayed apart;

In his eyes was dark Love's passion; in her breast was dark Love

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PREMATURE CRITICISM.
The Mountain Messenger, the second oldest paper in the State and one of the most ably conducted of interior papers, has the following pertinent language regarding a common but very bad practice:

"A reprehensible practice has been growing up among a part of the press of this State to find fault with the Legislature and condemn the body before it has even had an opportunity to act. This has been going on for some years, and crops up at the opening of each session, and has had a tendency to belittle our lawmakers in the eyes of the people. The wise journalists who indulge their criticisms against the Legislature seem to forget that they are the chosen representatives of the people, and are probably neither better nor worse than the ones they represent. The fact is, the Legislature consists, on the whole, of able, upright men, who should not be condemned in toto because rascals at times find their way into the body. The present Legislature has much to do in the way of enacting needed legislation, and they are much more likely to do it well if they have the good will of the public behind them, than if they are continually nagged at by newspapers, whose chief occupation seems to be one of faultfinding."—Prospect.

THE investigation of the Paris Commission was duly opened on Tuesday and Commissioners Runyon and Foote were asked numerous questions, but neither witness told anything worth knowing and said very little pertinent to the case. Runyon evidently tried to be fair in his answers, but his answers had no pith in them. He apparently knows very little about the Paris Commission, and refers his questioners to the "vouchers" and "records" and Gaskill. Foote, however, is posted all right but he wants to tell it his own way, which is not altogether a nice way. Moreover, he appears to be balancing a chip on his shoulder. Perhaps the Legislature, jointly, might be able to knock it off—time will tell. From the evidence elicited from Runyon and Foote, everything is all right so far as the Commissioners are concerned, but if Gaskill has been "crooked" they want to know it. Their anxiety comes rather late, but "better late than never."

JUDGE DIXON, of New Jersey, sentenced Walter C. McAllister, Wm. A. Death and Andrew Campbell to 30 years in State Prison at hard labor, last Tuesday, for the killing of Jennie Bosschiet on Oct. 18, 1900, by the administration of chloral, and subsequent criminal assault. Geo. I. Kerr was arrested and pleaded non-vult contendere to a charge of criminal assault. Judge Dixon addressing the three prisoners, said: "You stand convicted of murder in the second degree. Had you been found guilty of murder in the first degree the punishment would have been death, but the leniency of the jury in the exercise of their lawful authority saved you from the gallows. I trust the fearful consequences of this crime will help young men and young women of this community, and point out to them that they cannot hope to secure happiness outside of virtue and honor. The sentence of the court is that each of you be imprisoned in the State Prison at Trenton at hard labor for a term of thirty years."

THE oil industry of California which obtained a firm foothold in Los Angeles county some years since, and later attracted much capital and many enterprising men to the fields near Bakersfield, Fresno and other points south, has gradually worked northward, the latest strike being on the Gibson place west of the town of Arbuckle. Experts pronounce the Gibson oil superior in everyway to that found in other parts of the State. Reports from Redding indicate that boring for oil in that vicinity will begin at an early date. There is also a movement on foot to prospect for oil in Amador county.

THE terrible accident that caused the death of a lineman near Smartsville, Jan. 30th, is a warning to telephone companies to guard against the crossing of wires, else their customers will drop the telephone business entirely. Such accidents will destroy the peace and happiness of all who use 'phones and all connected with telephone offices.

REPORTS from Washington state that, in case the Spooner Philippine bill and the Cuban Constitution matter do not receive the consideration of Congress, an extra session is almost inevitable.

V. W. GASKILL, Secretary of the Paris Commission, is well known here, having been the prime mover in starting our first bank. He was also founder of the "Push Club."

THE Bernhardt-Coquelin Combination will reach San Francisco Feb. 10th, and open the following night at the Grand Opera House. Prices will range from \$5 downward.

King Edward VII.
Edward VII., King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, K. G., K. T., K. P., a Field Marshal in the English and German armies, a Colonel many times over, and a lot of other things besides, has been popular in his own country for a number of years past. At one time the contrary was the case. It was known that he was not an ideal family man. But as he gradually approached the age of 60, people began to realize that he was settling down. His earlier indiscretions were condoned. And as he always appeared in public with the Princess of Wales, it was realized that the proprieties were observed, at least in a formal way.

Perhaps it was felt that the Prince of Wales had only followed precedent in "living his own life." Be that as it may, his unflinching good humor, his love of sport of all sorts, his wonderful memory for faces and names, his friendship for Gladstone, his willingness to perform the ornamental public functions which the Queen was unable to attend to, his felicitous speeches, whether he wrote them himself or not, gradually resulted in a change of public opinion, and recently he has been as popular in London as he had been in Paris. The court under his rule will be as sedate as it was under his mother, Queen Alexandra, as strict in the matter of propriety as was the late sovereign.

The new King was born at Buckingham Palace, November 9, 1841. He was christened Albert Edward and created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester "by patent," also Earl of Dublin. He held by birth a number of Scottish titles, including those of Lord of the Isle and Great Stewart. He went to college for a year at Edinburgh then proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he studied for a year, and afterward took four terms at Cambridge.

RECEPTION IN AMERICA.
After leaving the university he visited Canada and this country. He made an excellent impression. New York's reception of the heir to the English throne was of an enthusiastic sort, and the Prince showed a keen appreciation of the fact. He was made a Brevet Colonel in the army in 1883, and went through a period of training at the Curragh camp, Kildare, Ireland, in 1881. He became a General in 1895, and a Field Marshal in 1895.

The Prince accompanied by the famous Dean Stanley as tutor, visited Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria and the Holy Land in 1882. On his return he became a member of the Privy Council and took his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of Cornwall. He was married on March 10, 1863, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to the beautiful Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the present King of Denmark. Parliament voted him an income of £40,000 per annum. From the Duchy of Cornwall he drew an additional £100,000 a year.

He is grand master of the Free Masons of England, and first principal of the Royal Arch Free Masons.

The Late Giuseppe Verdi.
Giuseppe Verdi, author of "Il Trovatore," sprang from humble parentage, his father being a peasant in the little hamlet of Roncole, near Busseto, where Giuseppe was born, October 9, 1813. He early showed a passionate love for music, and his first musical education was obtained from one Baistrocchi, organist of the little church at Roncole, a position to which Verdi himself succeeded when only 10 years old. An enthusiastic musical amateur, M. Barzani, recognizing the boy's genius, gave Verdi an appointment in his business house, and offered him every opportunity of following his natural bent. Verdi studied in Busseto under Ferdinando Provesi, the Cathedral organist, until he was 16, when he gained a scholarship at Milan, where he studied for some time, returning to Busseto in 1833, on the death of Provesi. Verdi was unsuccessful in his candidature for the post of Cathedral organist rendered vacant by the death of Provesi, but he stayed at Busseto for five years and there published his first opera, "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio," which was produced by the impressario, Marelli, in 1840, at La Scala Theater, Milan. This was followed by the comic opera, "Un Giorno di Regno," "Nabucco" and "I Lombardi," the last of which gained wonderful popularity and laid the foundation of his fame. It was curious to note that Verdi, while at Milan, was refused admittance to the Conservatoire by an old professor (Bailey), on the ground that "you have no aptitude for music." His best known operas are "Nabuccodonosor," "Ernani" (founded on Victor Hugo's tragedy and produced in 1844, at the Venice Theater, Venice), the "Duo Foscari," "Attila," "Macbeth," the "Masuridi" (founded on the "Robbers" of Schiller), "Louisa Miller," "Rigoletto," the "Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Un Ballo in Maschera," (performed in London in 1861) and "Don Carlos" (performed in the Royal Italian Convent Garden in 1867.) The "Masuridi" (produced with Jenny Lind as heroine in 1847.) The "Trovatore" and "La Traviata," have had great success throughout the musical world. His more recent operas are "Giovano d'Arco," "La Forza del Destino," "Aida," "Montezuma," "Otello," "Falstaff." No composer of music ever had so many honors bestowed upon him and none was more deserving.

His wife died November 16, 1877. He had no children, and nothing to carry on and perpetuate his name save his musical works, which some regard as immortal.

Tell Your Sister
A beautiful complexion is an impossibility without good pure blood, the sort that only exists in connection with good digestion, a healthy liver and bowels. Karl's Clover Root Tea acts directly on the bowels, liver and kidneys, keeping them in perfect health. Price 35c and 50c. For sale by A. Goldner, Druggist.

A Poultry Paper Free.

The LEDGER has made arrangements whereby we can send "The Western Poultry News" one year free to any person paying one year's subscription in advance. Old subscribers who pay up and pay one year in advance can take advantage of this offer also. The Western Poultry News is a big 16-page monthly chicken paper, published at Lincoln, Neb., and is an acknowledged authority on poultry methods. It not only interests fancy breeders, but the housewife in town or country, who wants to make some profit from a few hens. It also has a Belgian Hare department. If you want a poultry paper, here is your chance.

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The cause of overworked womanhood, are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great blood-purifier and tissue-builder. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price, 35c and 50c. For sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

Free to Inventors.

The experience of C. A. Snow & Co. in obtaining more than 30,000 patents for inventors has enabled them to helpfully answer many questions relating to the protection of intellectual property. They have done in a pamphlet treating briefly of United States and foreign patents, with cost of same, and how to procure them; trade marks, designs, caveats, infringements, decisions in leading patent cases, etc.

This pamphlet will be sent free to anyone writing to C. A. Snow & Co., Washington, D. C.

Large consignment of oranges, lemons and fruits, especially for the holiday trade, just received at Caminetti's Central Market, Dec. 14-1mo.

Try a package of "Yankee Shelled Popcorn." Just the thing for old and young. Only 10 cents a package. Caminetti's Central Market, Dec. 14-1 mo.

The Future Newspaper.
Alfred Harmsworth, a very successful English newspaper publisher, was asked by Mr. Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York "World," to take charge of that journal for its issue of New Year's Day. From the "Argonaut" of January 21st we glean the following: The Harmsworth issue of the "World" consisted of thirty-two instead of sixteen pages, but the pages were one-half the usual size. It contained full illustrations; the news, local and telegraphic, was given in condensed form; what newspaper men call "features," and what newspaper readers call "sensations," were absent. Mr. Harmsworth claimed for his "newspaper of the future" these merits: Saving of the reader's time; advantage to advertisers; convenient shape for carrying in the pocket.

Mr. Harmsworth's object lesson in journalism is supplemented by an article from him in the January "North American Review." In this he maintains that the proper form for the newspaper of the future is that of a small, portable, and neatly indexed publication, the size, thickness, and general appearance being identical with that of the New York "Outlook," which journal he calls "the best of weekly reviews." This magazine size of page is much more convenient than the present bulky form of our daily newspapers, and it is certain that their conductors will be forced to change to that form before many years. There has been a marked diminution in the size of newspaper pages in the past thirty years, and the "Outlook" may recall the enormous blanketed sheets like the Boston "Courier" and the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" of years ago. Every ten years has witnessed a diminution in the size of the newspaper page, and we will venture the prediction that within ten years daily newspapers will be issued in small quarto-form; inside of twenty years they will be issued in octavo-form, or magazine-page size.

The principal objection to this change in page form is mechanical. Most of the daily newspapers own large and expensive presses, and the cost of "perfecting" presses costing many thousands of dollars. These presses print, fold and paste newspapers of the present-size page at the rate of many thousands per hour. It is impossible to make changes in these presses, nor can they be used for any other purpose. Were great changes to be made in the size of newspaper pages these costly presses would at once become scrap-iron and junk. It is easy to understand why newspaper publishers shrink from making any such changes.

England's New Queen.

Alexandria of Denmark, who now becomes Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, is one of the most fascinating and popular women in the whole of her husband's vast dominions which embrace one-quarter of the entire population of the known world. True, there are many women in England and of wit. Notwithstanding all this, wherever the gracious lady who has now become Queen appears, not only does she become the cynosure of all eyes, but, more than that, the loveliness of every other woman seems to fade into insignificance. This, too, in spite of the fact that she is the grandmother of some six little ones, and nearer 60 years of age than 60. True, she remains amazingly youthful in appearance, thanks, not so much to those vulgar devices known as "making up," as to those judicious cares that are entirely legitimate. For instance, daily massage is given her by a trained help, who is warding off wrinkles from the fair face, while the elasticity and elegance of the figure have been retained by means of exercise, moroccan and diet, to the same phenomenal degree as in the case of the late Empress of Austria at the time of her assassination. "The hair is dressed in precisely the same quiet and characteristic manner of twenty-five years ago, and the head retains all the dainty poise on a neck so graceful that it conveys the impression of a slender stalk supporting a flower, while the eyes assuredly have neither dimmed nor changed, adding to the help all this, with fun or mischief, or else sweetly appealing in that sort of pathetic manner peculiar to people who are hard of hearing.

But it is not this that makes the new Queen of England so fascinating—that renders her so much more attractive than people of immeasurably superior beauty. Nor can it be described as magnificence, for magnificence implies something that is violent and against which one would be inclined to resist. But it is the sweet, gracious and kindly manner that converts every man who comes into contact with her into a devotee, and that even disarms the jealousy of women, transforming her into their devoted friends.

Many a Lover
Has turned with disgust from an otherwise lovable girl with an offensive breath. Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the breath by its action on the bowels, etc., as nothing else does. Sold year on absolute guarantee. Price 35c and 50c. For sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

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Church Notice.
St. Augustine's Mission, room situated on Court street. Services as follows: Every 1st and 3d Sunday, services at 11 a. m. Every 2d and 4th Sunday, services at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 3 p. m. The Young Peoples' Society of Spiritual Growth will meet every Sunday, at 6:30 p. m. **WILLIAM TUSON, Rector.**

M. E. Church Services.
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p. m. Epworth League, 6:45 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday 7:30. F. A. Morrow, pastor.

DIED.
SILVA—At Jackson Gate, on or about January 21, 1901, Mrs. Rosa Silva, aged 78 years, a native of Portugal, born in Montemorel, Portugal.

TORRES—At Drytown, January 21, 1901, Mrs. Mercedes Torres, aged 71 years, a native of Santiago, Chile.

ALVISO—In Drytown, January 28, 1901, Mrs. Johanna Alviso, aged 72 years, a native of Mexico.

KIRKLAND—At Kahuili, Maui, H. I., Jan. 5, 1901, Miss Sussie Kirkland, aged about 30 years, a native of California. Formerly a resident of this county.

Annual Meeting.
THE REGULAR ANNUAL MEETING OF the stockholders of the Carrara Marble Quarry of Amador County will be held at the office of the company, Room 12, Montgomery Block, 628 Montgomery street, San Francisco, on Monday, the 12th day of February, 1901, at the hour of 2 o'clock, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to manage the business of the quarry, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Notice to Creditors.
ESTATE OF ORSINI TAM, DECEASED. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Wm. Tam and Maria Tam, Executors of the estate of Orsini Tam, deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors, at the law office of John Davis, Summit street, Jackson, Amador County, California, the same being the place for the settling of the business of said estate, in said county of Amador.

Stockholders' Annual Meeting.
Office of the PEERLESS GOLD MINE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.
To the Stockholders of the Peerless Gold Mine Development Company:
PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THE annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Peerless Gold Mine Development Company will be held at the office of the company in the Brown Building on Court street in Jackson, Amador County, Cal., on Monday, the 4th day of February, 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing Directors, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

JACKSON REPUBLICAN CLUB.

EXTERIOR BOUNDARIES.
Beginning at a post 3 x 6 ins. 3 1/2 ft. long, set in ground, with earth and stone mound, scried "No. 3-3723" at N. W. side and No. 1-3724 at S. E. side, identical with location stake, at N. W. cor. of Virginia Q. M. and N. E. cor. of Steele Q. M., from which post a blazed white live oak 3 1/2 in. dia. scried "No. 6-3723" bears N. 65° 30' W. dist. 34.85 ft. Thence, var. 18° 17' E. S. 27° 37' E. 176.88 ft. north end of open cut on ledge, bears S. 2° 30' W. dist. 64.88 ft. 4.89 ch. 28.38 ft. to post 4 x 4 ins. 3 1/2 ft. long, at N. E. extremity of ledge line, scried "No. 3-3723" from which a blazed pine 3 in. dia. scried B. T. bears N. 65° 30' W. dist. 34.85 ft. 8.99 ch. 803.34 ft. to post 5 x 5 ins. 4 ft. long, 18° in ground, in place of stone mound, scried "No. 3-3724" at N. E. cor. of claim, location stake bears N. 15° 54' E. 1.98 ft. dist. 1.98 ft. scried B. T. bears S. 22° 30' E. 1.16 ft. dist. Thence S. 15° 57' E. 2.60 ch. 167.54 ft. to post 4 x 4 ins. 3 1/2 ft. long, 18° in ground, scried "No. 4-3724" a blazed pine 3 in. dia. scried B. T. bears N. 65° 30' W. dist. 34.85 ft. Thence var. 18° 17' E. S. 27° 37' E. 176.88 ft. north end of open cut on ledge, bears S. 2° 30' W. dist. 64.88 ft. 4.89 ch. 28.38 ft. to post 4 x 4 ins. 3 1/2 ft. long, at N. E. extremity of ledge line, scried "No. 3-3723" from which a blazed pine 3 in. dia. scried B. T. bears N. 65° 30' W. dist. 34.85 ft. 8.99 ch. 803.34 ft. to post 5 x 5 ins. 4 ft. long, 18° in ground, in place of stone mound, scried "No. 3-3724" at N. E. cor. of claim, location stake bears N. 15° 54' E. 1.98 ft. dist. 1.98 ft. scried B. T. bears S. 22° 30' E. 1.16 ft. dist. Thence S. 15° 57' E. 2.60 ch. 167.54 ft. to post 4 x 4 ins. 3 1/2 ft. long, 18° in ground, scried "No. 4-3724" a blazed pine 3 in. dia. scried B. T. bears N. 65° 30' W. dist. 34.85 ft. Thence var. 18° 17' E. 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KEYSSTONE VS. SOUTH SPRING HILL

ALSO ON ANSWER, SOUTH SPRING HILL

ACTION DISMISSED FOR WANT OF PROSECUTION.

The Case Came Before Superior Court of Calaveras County and Decided Finally.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Calaveras.

The Keystone Consolidated Mining Company, plaintiff, vs. South Spring Hill Mining Company, defendant.

ON MOTION TO DISMISS THE ACTION FOR WANT OF PROSECUTION.

The plaintiff and defendant are the owners of adjoining quartz mines in Amador County, California. The complaint alleges that the defendant corporation has, by means of its said corporation, entered upon plaintiff's mine and removed therefrom a large amount of ore which it has appropriated to its own use. That the ore so taken by defendant, was taken from veins which have their apex on the lines of plaintiff's surface location. The ore so removed by defendant is alleged to be 200,000 tons and its value is stated at \$200,000.

The defendant denies any intentional trespass, but admits that it did, in the year 1890, inadvertently enter into plaintiff's ground and did unintentionally remove therefrom a large amount of ore.

The defendant's motion to dismiss the action came on for hearing on the 10th of October, 1899, and was heard on affidavits presented by the respective parties.

From the affidavits of A. G. Adams, J. A. Adams, J. M. Wright and F. J. Solinsky, the attorneys for the defendant, as well as from the pleadings and papers on file in the case, it appears that the action was commenced in the Superior Court of Amador County, California, the original complaint having been filed on the 8th day of June, 1899, and summons issued and served on the same day. On September 23, 1899, the defendant filed its answer. On September 17, 1899, plaintiff, by leave of the Court, filed an amended complaint and on the 7th day of February, 1899, the defendant filed its answer to the amended complaint. On April 3, 1899, the Superior Court of Amador County made an order transferring the cause to this Court for trial. Thereafter, certain motions to strike portions of the plaintiff's complaint and defendant's answer came up for hearing and were finally disposed of by this Court on July 16, 1899. That since said last mentioned date the case has been at issue, but that the plaintiff has not taken any steps to bring it to trial. That neither the defendant nor any of its attorneys have ever consented to this delay, nor has the plaintiff ever asked or requested of anyone to consent to a continuance of the case.

It appears further from the affidavit of J. R. Tregloan, the Superintendent and Managing Agent of the defendant Corporation, which was also read in support of defendant's motion, that within the last three years five of defendant's witnesses whose testimony would have been material to defendant on the trial of this action, have died, and that the witnesses who remain, many would have been material, have become so scattered that it is doubtful if they could now or hereafter be found should the case be called up for trial.

The defendant's motion to dismiss the action was filed on the 27th day of August, 1900. It thus appears, that on the date the pleadings were finally settled—July 16, 1899—to the time defendant filed its notice of motion to dismiss—August 27, 1900—a period of four years and six months, no steps were taken by the plaintiff towards bringing the case to trial, and that the delay was not caused by any act of defendant nor was it consented to by the defendant or any of its attorneys.

It is apparent that plaintiff has shown a good and sufficient legal excuse for its apparent laches in failing to bring the action to trial, the Court would undoubtedly be justified in ordering it dismissed.

Grishy vs Napa County, 36 Cal. 585. Simsbys vs Keller, 50 Cal. 38. Landers vs Flemming, 47 Cal. 614. Kuhl vs Hawtork, 89 Cal. 638. Key State Hotel vs. Nason, 115 Cal. 626.

McLaughlin vs Glauzen, 116 Cal. 487. In opposition to defendant's motion to dismiss the plaintiff has shown that it is entitled to a trial. The affidavits of J. F. Parks, J. B. Treadwell, W. A. Pritchard and H. J. McDonald, by which it claims to have shown good cause and legal excuse for its delay in bringing the case to trial. When the defendant's motion to dismiss was made, it was not known whether the plaintiff had shown a good and sufficient legal excuse for its apparent laches in failing to bring the action to trial, the Court would undoubtedly be justified in ordering it dismissed.

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raise on this vein from the eight hundred to the six hundred level; That this raise was only completed in June of this year; That since then he has caused it to be made from the raise South, and one of said drifts has run into some old works, which he is informed, were made by the defendant in its five hundred and six hundred levels. That since he has been employed at plaintiff's mine, the work of driving the eight hundred level and making the raise has been continuously and diligently prosecuted. That the cost of the work was not less than seven dollars for foot.

At J. McDonald makes affidavit that he is the President, General Manager and Treasurer of the plaintiff corporation. That at the commencement of this action he was advised that it was necessary to prove by development made in the ground, the allegations of the complaint, that the operations of the defendant corporation were made entirely on a vein having its apex on the line of the side line of the Keystone mine, patented, and that the ore removed by the defendant from the South Spring Hill mine had been taken from veins having their apex within the boundaries of the plaintiff's mine.

That to prove these facts, he caused to be made over four hundred feet of drift south on the five hundred level, over eleven hundred and forty feet of drift on the eight hundred level, over the surface, over one hundred feet of winzes; one hundred and fifty feet of drifts north; fourteen hundred and fifty feet of drifts south and three hundred and eighty feet of raises from the eight hundred level and a great many hundred feet of crosscuts and work connected with said drifts and raises.

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MINES FROM ANGELES TO EL DORADO

SIXTY STAMPS ARE DROPPING AT THE ONEIDA.

A Very Rich Shot in the Mitchell—Unusual Mining Activity in Calaveras County.

Nothing new has taken place at the South Eureka. The usual work is moving along after the old sort.

Amador Queen No. 1—Jackson.

Nothing doing at the Amador Queen No. 1, and we understand that there is no work in contemplation.

Kirkwood—Jackson.

The Kirkwood shaft is being put down just as fast as possible, and all interested are exceedingly hopeful.

Defender—Defender.

Good reports come from the Defender mine. The owners are very much encouraged by reports increasing their facilities for work.

Alma—Jackson.

The Alma mine still remains idle and looms up as a monument of ill luck to those who spent thousands in the vain attempt to wrest treasure from Mother Earth.

Oneida—Jackson Gate.

The full quota of 60 stamps are dropping at the Oneida mine, and conservative stockholders express the opinion that a satisfactory dividend will be declared soon.

Bellwether—Jackson.

According to statements made by those in a position to know, the owners of the Bellwether mine are making preparations for development work on a larger scale than at any time heretofore.

Amador Queen No. 2—Jackson.

It is said by those who are interested that Supt. J. R. Phillips contemplates re-organizing development work at the Amador Queen No. 2, but just how soon the work will begin we are not advised.

Peelless—Jackson.

Supt. Osborne and his force of workmen are sending the shaft down at the Peelless mine as fast as possible. The work goes along without any break or hitch. The shaft is now between six and seven hundred feet deep.

Kennedy—Jackson.

The new east shaft of the Kennedy mine is down about 2000 feet and sinking continues. A crosscut has been started at the 1600 level to meet one being run from the north shaft. Other shafts about the mine is progressing as usual.

Good Hope—Jackson.

The Good Hope mine remains idle and the stockholders do not offer any solution of the statu quo nature of things. In the meantime, the general feeling prevails that sometime the Good Hope will be developed into a good producer.

Central Eureka—Sutter.

Under the faithful and able management of Superintendent Thomas, the Central Eureka mine is gradually winning its way to a dividend paying basis. Owners of stock hereabouts appear to feel sanguine of receiving regular dividends in the near future.

Zeile—Jackson.

This famous old stand by pounds away, night and day, as it has for the past 25 years, evidently vigorous in its old age. Should this mine close down, Jackson would receive a severe blow on the solar plexus, so to speak. Viva Zeile! may it last for another quarter of a century.

Argonaut—Jackson.

Some work is being done at the Argonaut yet, notwithstanding the handicap of litigation with the Kennedy Co. The Argonaut still pays dividends. It is to be hoped that a decision will be handed down from the United States Supreme Court, where the case has been taken, without unnecessary delay.

South Spring Hill—Amador.

At the South Spring Hill mine, ore is being taken out and ten stamps are in constant operation. A fifty-light electric machine, manufactured in Fitchburg, Mass., is operated by water power and furnishes ample light for the mine, and the shaft is being driven by the use of electricity.

Mitchell—Pine Grove.

Recently a pay shoot of ore was struck in the Mitchell mine, near Pine Grove. This mine is owned by Dr. Becker, a naval surgeon now in the Philippines. His nephew, Mr. Lewis Hyner, has charge of the mine and is very much pleased with the recent strike. Ten stamps are now dropping and there is talk of installing ten additional stamps in the near future. This strike at the Mitchell will doubtless have a tendency to put new life in the group of mines of which the Mitchell is, in a way, the center. The Mitchell has been in operation for four years, and has been a paying mine ever since it was started. It is owned by the late Dr. Becker, who was a prominent figure in the mining industry of this vicinity. Other mines in this vicinity are known as the "Reverend," "Dane," "Ironbound," and "Golden Eagle."

CALAVERAS COUNTY.

Prospect (from Murphy's correspondent). The Denmore mine near Columbia is making a most excellent showing. Undoubtedly this will be one of the best, if not the very best mines in the county. The ore is free milling, and the mine is being worked on a large scale. The mine is owned by the late Dr. Becker, who was a prominent figure in the mining industry of this vicinity. Other mines in this vicinity are known as the "Reverend," "Dane," "Ironbound," and "Golden Eagle."

mine. It was found several years ago and some very fine quartz has been taken out from time to time. The formation gets quite hard as depth is attained.

W. D. Riley is at work on the Golden Nest mine on the San Andreas and Indian creek ridge. The mine was formerly known as the Jacquith. It is now owned by J. M. Bailey and Mr. Riley.

In an interview with that veteran miner, John Early, one day this week, we learned of a stupendous mining enterprise that has been inaugurated near here. The three well known mines, Fred Wylie, Tom Foster and Frank Treist, have begun work on the old Grand hydraulic claim on Murray creek. They have about ten miles of ditch to clean out and put in condition, and this part of the work has been going on for some time. It started out with a mining plan, early Monday morning to look after it and Tom and Frank are looking out for the remaining claims. About 10,000 cubic yards of boulders are to be removed from the claim, before the water is turned on. When the work is well under way, the stupendous character of the work can be seen. John says that Murray creek will be filled with debris to a depth of sixty or seventy feet, throughout its whole length.

C. D. Smythe, the well known mining man of Angels, in conversation with a representative of the Prospect, this week gave some very encouraging news about the mining outlook about Angels. The developments in the Angels mine are particularly favorable. At the 500-foot level a large ore body has been opened that is the equal of anything ever found in the district. Work is being pushed vigorously and the probabilities of a new mill in the near future are good. The ore body on the 500 is evidently a continuation of the rich vein in the old Bovee, which was cut off at the 200-foot level by a mass of talc and was supposed to be finally lost. These later developments show that the Angels mine is a very rich one and the vein has come in again stronger and better than ever.

At the Lightner everything is running with the regularity of clock work. The ore taken out is of good quality and the result of the work is showing that it is worked to good profit. The new chlorination plant is one of the best in the State and is doing excellent work.

The Gold Cliff is steadily improving and is looking to provide one of the best of the Uteia group. The reports of bullion by the Uteia Co. show that famous group of mines still continue as the leading producers of the county.

At the Demarest, still farther along on the ledge toward Fourth Crossing, the latest developments are most encouraging. The ore body on the 600 is the best so far encountered in the mine and will pay rich returns.

Citizen: The work of putting in the electric appliances and wires of the Sheep Ranch mine has all been finished and everything is now ready to go ahead with the work at the mine. A large amount of money has been expended in the work, but the results of the mine is now in a first-class condition. The Sheep Ranch mine has been a great producer and the indications are that there will be a steady output of gold from this prospect for many years to come. Everything at the mine is modern and under the present progressive and wide awake management everything will be run on modern principles.

Under the faithful and able management of Superintendent Thomas, the Central Eureka mine is gradually winning its way to a dividend paying basis. Owners of stock hereabouts appear to feel sanguine of receiving regular dividends in the near future.

Work has been suspended in the Gagnere mine by an attachment, yet this company struck an exceedingly rich shoot of rock, gold being visible all through the mine, but just how soon the ledge was from 8 to 12 feet in width. A short run with the mill would soon clear off all indebtedness. This shoot was struck just prior to closing of the mine.

New Era: Work on the Little Beauty, among the best small mines in the country, will be resumed in a few days. Operations were suspended two weeks ago, when the last clean-up was made, said to have been very good.

Frank Cullers Sr. and "Bill" Cullers are sinking a winze in the Hild Times. 200 feet from the mouth of the tunnel. The property is showing up fine, and will doubtless soon be numbered among many good ones in the Astraverville district.

Representatives of a strong company are expected here within the next few days to make arrangements for the purchase of the Blue Bird, James Gloster & Co.'s fine mine. The price asked for the mine is \$100,000, but it is better and will pay for itself the first year of operation.

The Confidence is reported as looking finer than ever and work is progressing full-handed. Stopping is in the water, and the mine is being worked on a large scale. The mine is owned by the late Dr. Becker, who was a prominent figure in the mining industry of this vicinity. Other mines in this vicinity are known as the "Reverend," "Dane," "Ironbound," and "Golden Eagle."

D. O. Richards, the capitalist, paid a visit to the German mine this week. It is reported that he will soon start work there. The German has been idle a few months.

The Garbarini Tire Cooler.

Garbarini Bros. invented a tire cooler some years ago which they have been using successfully ever since. They have made no effort to introduce it, but occasionally a wagon maker hears about it and orders one. The latest order is from Felix Poulin of Winnemucca. His work requires a large size cooler, and he has ordered a freight wagon there are seven feet in diameter and the tires six inches wide and an inch and a half thick. From 18 to 20 tons of freight are hauled on one wagon.

What Is Shiloh?

A grand old Remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption; used through the world for half a century, has cured innumerable cases of incipient consumption and relieved many in advanced stages. If you are not satisfied with the results of your treatment, try Shiloh. Price, 25c. 50c. and \$1. For sale by Golden Rule Drugist.

The Finest Building Lots.

Remember that W. P. Peck has the finest building lots for sale in Jackson. Terms easy. See display advertisement in this paper.

NOTES FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

QUITE A SEVERE STORM NOW ON IN ALASKA.

The Death of Miss Susie Kirkland in the Hawaiian Islands—An Explosion.

SKAGWAY, ALASKA, Jan. 12, 1901.

Dear LEDGER:

We are in the midst of the worst blizzard of the season thus far and those who have been here since '97 say they have seen nothing worse. The mercury is 6 below zero, and a furious gale blows from the north. Snow began falling yesterday and has been coming more rapidly every hour until now, at the distance of a block, it is difficult to tell a man from a horse, and when a gust of drifting snow is added we cannot see across the street. I stood on the wharf a short time ago and the water was as obscure as in the darkest night. The steamer's boat has not attempted the trip for two days.

We enjoy the experience for our rooms at the steam heated Hotel Dewey are warm and comfortable and there is plenty to interest, excite and thrill. The following officers of the protection by fur and woolen clothing. Dogs and horses seem to take the weather as a matter of course. The hair of horses that have been here a long time is much shorter than in the warmer climate, showing how Nature adapts its creatures to their surroundings.

No trains have crossed White Pass Summit for 48 hours. Both passenger trains are stopped. The regular day morning at 4, Supt. Rogers started with a rotary snow plow and a crowd of shovellers. At 6, last evening, he had passed the Summit, and the cuts he had passed were rapidly filling. This morning both rotary and shovellers disabled, the storm is increasing and 8 engines stalled between Skagway and White Horse. So much for the railroad. Fighting King Bores on the round Lynn Canal is another story.

Three steamers are now over-due from 20 to 72 hours. No telegraph to give any idea of their whereabouts. Not a lighthouse or whistling buoy can be seen from the shore. The ice in American waters where numerous wrecks occur each year, five at least in the past six months, where the Clara Nevada went down two years ago with all on board. The difference of the value of the government is a shameful contrast to the energy of the Canadians in the improvement of the Upper Yukon. And we have no redress except to plead, king and petition, which has been done, and the taxes paid for the year by Alaskans into the U. S. Treasury amounted to over \$900,000, of which about one-fourth was expended for Alaska's benefit, rather for the benefit of the whole country. Seattle owes her immense prosperity of late, largely to the development of Alaska and the fact that last summer the W. P. & Y. R. Co., earned over a million dollars a month, and the business of the country. Every part of the Union receives benefit by the increased demand for supplies from this region.

13th. Storms unabated. Supt. Rogers telegraphs that he has abandoned all efforts to open the road for the present. Attendance at churches surprisingly large. The "leet of Seattle" and Al. Ki. arrive safely.

14th. Storm still raging. Mercury 14 below, the coldest ever known here. Soldiers detailed as fire patrol. Many stores closed.

15th. Since the 14th the storm has run from 8 to 10 below. This storm is a record breaker. Coal getting scarce, railroad still blocked. Very little business done. Will mail this on the "Dolphin" tonight and tell you the next week. C. H. G.

AMADOR CITY.

AMADOR CITY, Jan. 29, 1901.—Mrs. F. Hammack and daughter, Mrs. J. Jones, of Jackson, spent Thursday calling on friends in Amador.

Miss Clara E. Clifton, daughter, Miss Elsie, spent a few days of last week with Mrs. M. B. Church.

J. R. Tregloan returned Friday from Alameda where he had been visiting on the 14th. He has been very ill and is still at the Alameda Sanitarium where she is being treated.

The stereoscopic entertainment and lecture given by Mrs. Burdett last Friday night, at the City Hall, was well attended and appreciated by all.

Mr. L. Cassel of Jackson was in town Sunday.

Quite a number of Amador young people are expected to be here Saturday afternoon.

Miss Frances Mounsey visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Harry Coster of Plymouth was in town Sunday.

Don't forget the dance to be given by the base ball club in Fallon's hall, Saturday night, Feb. 2d.

DEATH OF SUSIE KIRKLAND.

On last Saturday evening sad news reached here from the Hawaiian Islands. It was the announcement of the death of Miss Susie Kirkland at Kahului, Maui, H. I., formerly of this place, but who left for the Islands with her parents and two sisters a year or two ago, at which time Mr. Kirkland had secured a position with the Hawaiian Commercial Company. Nothing definite concerning the exact date of her death has yet been received, although it is stated that her illness had been but a few days' duration.

Miss Susie Kirkland spent the days of her illness in Amador City, and even when the Angel of Death stalked her throbbing heart with its mighty wand she had not reached her majority. Here in the old institution of learning she was educated. She was a member of the class of '98, having received her diploma of graduation in June 1898. She is the first of this class of ten to be called into the great unknown, and her death is a great grief to her friends and her demise.

It is expected that the day and evening will see one of the largest crowds that has been here in many a day, and preparations are making to royally entertain all who come. The two halls accommodate 200 people, and the complete orchestras will furnish the music. The supper will be as elaborate as the ladies of San Andreas know how to get up.

Notice.

Reduction in prices of Fotos at McMillan's Gallery from Feb. 1st to 15th only. Don't miss the chance to secure some first-class Fotos cheap—\$3.50 cabinet for \$2.50. Large size for family groups reduced from \$7.00 to \$5.00 per dozen. Feb. 1-15.

Young Mothers.

Croup is the terror of thousands of young mothers, because its outbreak is so agonizing and so dangerous to the child. Consumption Cure acts like magic in cases of Croup. It has never been known to fail. The worst cases relieved immediately. Price, 25c. Second 50c. For sale at J. Goldner, the Druggist.

Sheenadoah Valley.

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SHORT ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST

BAGGED A LARGE NUMBER OF WILD PIGEONS.

A Fine Piece of Forging at Garbarini's Shop—A Poisoned Hand—Death of Old Residents.

God help the rich, the poor can rustle.

McMillan's cabinets for \$2.50 only Feb. 1st.

Reduction in prices at McMillan's. See notice.

Regular meeting of the Supervisors next Monday, Feb. 4th.

Mr. F. H. Duden arrived Sunday evening for a few days visit.

Give us daily some good bread. Pioneer Flour makes the best. 4-6-11.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. E. Dye returned from San Francisco Monday evening.

Pioneer Flour is the "Lily of the Valley," the "Pearl of Perfection."

Eudey & Marre are having a new delivery wagon made by Garbarini Bros.

Fresh tomatoes at Mayer's Candy Factory every day from Saturday on.

PIONEER FLOUR always has been and still is the best.

Dr. E. E. Endicott visited San Francisco this week, returning Wednesday evening.

Deputy County Clerk B. B. Reese returned from San Francisco last Saturday.

Miss Daisy Fox of Amador City, visited Mrs. J. W. Caldwell on Tuesday of this week.

Regular shipments of olives are arriving at Caminetti's Central Market.

Supervisor Fred B. LeMoine was in town Wednesday and lunched at the New National.

And why should I, because they carry the Hanans & Sons shoes. Jackson Shoe Store.

C. M. Kelley is having a fine "three-seater" wagon made by Garbarini Bros. for use in his stable.

New crop of nuts and figs just received at Caminetti's Central Market.

Thursday morning our delightful winter weather was struck am

LOVE AND NATURE.

Dear Love, when spring has come, all nature wakes
And her languid limbs the handgates take
To look with wondering eyes at every green,
The trees unfold their robes of silvery green,
And thrills in the blossoms gleam;
Each birdling finds a mate both fond and true,
And I, dear Love, have you.

Dear Love, in summer time each lengthened day
To harvest fields a tribute rich must pay
Of sunshine packed in grains of yellow corn,
The sun is weighed and enters the floor;
No creature, tree nor vine can ask for more,
Nature has satisfied each bird and bee,
Has given you to me.

Dear Love, chill fall deth paint in colors rare
The forests and the fields that soon grow bare
As winter chills them to her icy breast,
Nature must wake and work as well as smile;
Must sleep and cry, perchance, and rest as smile;
And nature, life and love are one, I know,
Because I love you so.

—Anne C. Steele in Harper's Bazar.

CHILI SAUCE

HOW BARSTOW BROWN
AND ELVIRA RICHARDS
CAME TOGETHER.

The household art is the only dower
I can bring and myself to him I wed.
Can you find the roof and earn the floor?
Then I can make home and sweet white bread!

—Harper's.

The last scarlet bar of the gorgeous autumn sunset was fading out behind the tall poplars along Turkey creek when Barstow Brown's creaking old farm wagon, turned the corner of the road which led to his lonely and ill kept home.

"There's the light a-burnin' already in Mis' Elvira Richards' window," he commented. "It does git dark awful early nights now. Seems like her'n's the cleanest kep' an the cheerfulest lamp in the hull township."

And indeed it did seem to illuminate with its friendly radiance the little one story house by the roadside. It looked like a beacon—a star. It made Barstow Brown think in admiring but unimpaired fashion of a steadfast rose—pure, unwavering, brilliant. It attracted him. It drew him—the worn and harassed body and soul of him. Unconsciously he tightened the reins. But it was not until the plodding horses stood still in response that he wondered whether he might venture in and what excuse he could give for his visit.

Suddenly he lifted his head and sniffed—once, twice. Then he hurriedly twisted the reins around the whipstock and clambered down from the high seat. Swiftly, soundlessly, excuse and encouragement had come to him—in the guise of an odor at that.

"Chill sauce!" If she ain't a-makin' chill sauce!" He was hurrying up the short path to the front door, at which he knocked. "I'll tell her I want the receipt for Susie Reilly to make some for. That's the ticket! Oh, howdy, Mis' Richards! I was goin' home from an the nicest smell come a-floatin' down the road! Seemed 'n if I was back in mother's again, as she was sittin' up chill sauce. He sighed and moistened his lips at the recollection. "So I thought I'd come in an find you make it. Our ripe tomatoes ain't all gone yet. Maybe Susie Reilly could make a quart or so?"

Forty plaid and benignant summers had passed over the brown head of Elvira Richards, but where was the girl along Turkey creek who carried herself with more grace and dignity, and what matron could boast such a fresh complexion and bright eyes as she?

"To be sure!" she cried heartily. "You come right in, Mr. Brown." She drew forward the best rocking chair, with the Battenberg tidies on the en-tranting red plush arms.

"Tisn't much I need make, livin' alone as I do, but good store room is a fine thing to fall back on. You'd need a lot in your house, I'm thinkin'. I'll give you the receipt with pleasure, an a jar to take home for Susie to taste by. How does she get on, Mr. Brown?" Barstow Brown looked around the bright little room, at the shining glass lamp with the red flannel wick, which stood behind the row of freshly potted fern slips in the recessed window, then back at the plump, white aproned figure opposite.

"Not too well, Mis' Richards. She's kind of shiftless. It comes natural to some folks to be shiftless. Seems like the work allus keeps a bit ahead of her. Seems like she can no more catch up with it than—than she could with a cottonball. But she means well. Most shiftless folks allus means well. I got to be movin'." He rose reluctantly. "The young ones, they'll be a-missin' me."

"Land's sake, now, an you couldn't wait till I make you a cup of coffee? No? That's too bad. Wait till I get you the chill sauce, anyhow. What's that? Could you come out to the kitchen while I'm a-gettin' it? Why, of course, Mr. Brown."

Twittering and stepping briskly, Miss Elvira tripped ahead, and Barstow Brown plodded after. He was aghast at his own temerity, but the appetizing smell of the chill sauce drew him to the kitchen as the white brilliance of the lamp had drawn him to the parlor.

"My!" He breathed and stopped short. "This beauty!" He was looking around the gayest, coziest, most immaculate little kitchen he had ever beheld. From the black mirror of a stove, with its golden grin through the opened draft, to the shining plates on the dresser, the row of crimson filled glass jars on the table, the dishpan that glittered like silver and the cat asleep on the braided mat, all things bespoke industry, energy, comfort.

Something in his attitude of timidity, in his look of wonder, that was almost one of awe; in his neglected personal appearance, went straight to the woman's warm heart of Miss Elvira Richards. He had been such a spruce, good looking fellow 15 years ago! Her glance, that was keen if kindly, noted all things—the shirt, with the band all gone; the coat, with holes at the elbows; more than all, the hollows at his temples and in his cheeks. Those hollows the weak tears that were in his eyes! She bustled herself writing out the recipe—and talking.

"It ain't any too easy, I guess, with only Susie. She never was a hand to look after children, an there's three to your place. I expect it ain't been like home since—since Cyrilla went away."

Barstow Brown was silent. It had not been a happy home before Cyrilla died. But he could not tell Miss Richards that. No, nor any one else. Only he had meant—had honorably meant—to ask Elvira to marry him before the pretty, painted, flippant little city girl had come down to the country town and taken his sickle heart captive.

"Here's the receipt, an here's the jar. Yes, you must take the big one, an—why—Barstow!"

For there was a look in his eyes she had not seen since those happy days before Cyrilla alired her city graces on Turkey creek.

"I'm a good deal of a failure, Elvira," said Barstow Brown. "I don't know but you'll turn me out when you hear what I been wantin to say ever since I would be right an proper to talk that way. But the farm's a good one, an the house could be made the best her'nabouts if 'twas fixed up right, an the children!"

"They're dear children!" declared Miss Elvira, and she meant it. "Well, they like you awful well. You allus was a one to git around youngsters. I—I"—he dropped his eyes—"I guess you know what I mean, Elvira—what I want?"

"Of course I do!" she cried cordially. "You want the receipt an the chill sauce."

"Now, Elvira! You know I want—you!"

"Well, you got to take them if you take me!" Her tone was delightfully coquettish. "I got one in each hand!" He stared at her, eager, half incredulous.

"Do you mean it—really? There's been others!"

"There's been others," Miss Elvira agreed complacently, "but I haven't took any of 'em—have I? There—now, Barstow Brown! Do behave! I reckon I might git ready in three weeks, but your team will be clean free wavin' in. Oh, Barstow, I didn't think 'twas in you to act so dreadfully silly! Land's sake, look out! Let me set down this jar of chill sauce anyhow! There—now—go! It'll be all of 9 o'clock when you get home—Barstow Brown!"—Chicago Tribune.

John's Many Names.

The majority of the names that you see on the signs of laundries or tea stores kept by Chinamen are simply fancy names adopted for their auspicious significance. They are simply mottoes, having no reference to the proprietor or the members of a firm whatsoever.

Every properly constituted Chinaman has five names besides his surname or surnames. The last is fixed and handed down from one generation to another.

Every male child born in China is first called by his "milk name." When he grows old enough to attend school, he takes a "book name." When he has learned the mysteries of composition, he competes for literary honors under an assumed name, which is finally adopted. When he successfully passes his examinations and obtains his degree, his equals address him by another, either coined by him or adopted by him. At his marriage he adopts still another, called "style."—Chicago Chronicle.

Would Have to Borrow One.

Some time ago a well known barber had under cross examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Sampson, whose replies were the causes of much laughter in court.

"And so," questioned the barrister, "you lift the court to believe that you are a peacefully disposed and inoffensive kind of person?"

"Yes."

"And that you have no desire to follow the steps of your namesake, and smite the Philistines?"

"No, I've not," answered the youth, "and if I had the desire I ain't got the strength at present."

"Then you think you're unable to cope successfully with a thousand enemies and utterly rout them with the jawbone of an ass?"

"Well," answered the ruffled Sampson, "I might have a try when you have done with the weapon."—Spare Moments.

A Tinker's Dam.

There is no profanity in saying that any certain thing "is not worth a tinker's dam," although it is so considered by many. The expression originated many years ago, when tinkering, or mending, leaky vessels was much cruder than it is now.

In former times the use of rosin to check the flow of solder when placed on tin was not generally understood, at least by the roving tinkers. When one of these gentlemen of the road found a job, such as mending a wash boiler or other tin household utensil, he would get from the housewife or domestic a piece of soft dough. With this he would build a dam around the place where he intended to put his solder. Inside of the circle thus formed he poured the melted lead. When the metal had cooled, he would brush away the dam of dough that had confined it to the desired limits. The heat had hardened the heavy paste and baked it thoroughly, so that it was absolutely of no use for anything else. It became one of the most useless things in the world, and there was not enough left even to be worth while carrying to the pigs.

Hence the expression, which was originally intended to convey a certain idea, appears to have been retained, while the origin is not generally known.

Black Diamonds.

Black diamonds are comparatively rare and correspondingly high priced. They are three or four times as hard as the white ones, and fire cannot harm them, however great the heat, but if a drop of water should touch them while heated they will explode and leave nothing but a little heap of sand in their place.

Their beauty is not remarkable, but on account of their extreme hardness they are invaluable for dressing surfaces impervious to the friction of any other material. The largest black diamonds are set in the end of a round short bar of steel, with a handle of wood, and are used in dressing engine wheels that have lost their "runness." A black diamond is the only substance that will not be ground away by contact with the emery surface.

Black diamonds are also used as points in scoring pencils which are used by sealers of weights and measures to mark glass receptacles. They are used by dentists for drilling teeth before filling them with gold. In appearance they look more like a shining little splinter of iron or grain of coal than a precious gem, and their chief mission is a distinctly commercial and not an ornamental one.

"I disown you!" cried the angry parent. "I shall cut you off with a shilling!"

"Yes, sir," replied the erring son. "And might I have the shilling now?"

—Stray Stories.

From the foot of the pretty flower known as white bryony can be made a decoction which acts with magical effect in curing bruises of all descriptions. It is said to be peculiarly efficacious in healing a blackened eye.

WALK BLINDLY TO DEATH.

One of the Keenest Birds Is Often Deceived by His Visual Organ.

After trudging all day along the top of the mountain with no success at all, hushmash as I had shot several times, but failed to bring down my game, I ran across an old hunter, J. W. Hyde. After the usual greeting we seated ourselves on an old log to exchange notes. I put the question:

"Why are the turkeys always on the run when I see them?"

The old man spit through his teeth, changed his position, laid his long, muzzled loading rifle on the ground, put the fourth portion of a plug of tobacco in his mouth and proceeded to tell me why the turkeys were always on the run when I saw them:

"Of all the game I have ever hunted turkeys display the most wonderful power of vision. I cannot tell just why this is. I have made a microscopic examination of the eyes of the hawk, eagle, fox, weasel and owl, but find no material difference in the lens and retina. The ciliary muscles and the iris are exactly the same, yet none of these keen visioned creatures can compare with the turkey in point of seeing. I remember the acuteness of sight displayed by one old gobbler. I had carefully concealed myself, and no part of my body was visible but the upper part of my head. A puff of wind slightly disturbed the brim of my hat. He saw it and immediately took to flight."

"On another occasion I was hunting in the mountains in Georgia. I was lying behind a log and was carefully hidden. All but the upper part of my face. A turkey was slowly coming in response to my call and was carefully noticing for signs of danger. A mosquito was stinging me fearfully on the forehead. I raised my finger slowly to crush it, and as soon as the finger came within range of vision chuck went the turkey, and he was gone."

"Now, the most inexplicable thing in regard to hunting turkeys is that, with all their acuteness of sight, the surest way to get a shot is to sit down in an open place with your back against a tree, in full view, and, strange to say, they will walk up within ten steps without seeing you."

Just then I noticed that the sun was down. The old hunter invited me to spend the night at his camp, which I did and had a most pleasant time.—Forest and Stream.

A Morocco Superstition.

In a paper to the Anthropological Institute Dr. Westermarck showed from investigations in Morocco that the Arab ginn, or gnuin, is regarded as a special race of beings created before Adam, of no fixed form and assuming, like Proteus, who was perhaps a personage of the same extraction, almost any shape they please. Bad gins attack men, but are kept away by salt or steel and verses of the Koran. The author supposes that the belief in gins has come down from a saltless and ironless age, but was absorbed and developed at a later time under the influence of Islam.

THE UNTOLD.

Why Mrs. Cavil Failed to Be Informed by Her Husband.

"I didn't tell you, I did, I Mildred," said Mr. Cavil to his wife, "that I saw your sister Jane down town this day week?"

"No, you didn't, Charles Augustus Cavil," replied Mrs. Cavil. "Why didn't you?"

"Well, you see"—

"Yes, I see. You meet the only sister I have in the world, and instead of coming straight home and telling me about it the same day, as any respectable husband would have done, you keep the matter secret a whole week and then ask carelessly if you have mentioned the fact that you saw her."

"But, my dear!"

"Don't but me, Charles Augustus Cavil. I have no doubt that she sent me a message by you, and you not only failed to deliver it, but by this time you have forgotten what it was about. Tell me if this isn't the case."

"My dear, it was this way"—

"Don't tell me it was that way, Charles Augustus Cavil. I know exactly how it was. You simply didn't care a straw whether I knew that you had seen Sister Jane or not or you would not have waited a whole week to tell me you had seen her."

"But I didn't say I saw her." Mr. Cavil said at length.

"Then I'd like to know what you did say, Charles Augustus Cavil."

"I told you that you that I saw her," explained Mr. Cavil.

"Well, why didn't you tell me?"

"The reason I didn't tell you was because I didn't see her; that's all."

Mrs. Cavil gasped and was speechless.—Boston Bazar.

A Trick of Indian Thieves.

In the old colored thieves' schools in India a regular course of training is gone through in the art of "pouching," or concealing articles of value in the throat. The Englishman, a newspaper published in Calcutta, thus describes the process:

"At first a small piece of lead, attached to a thread, is swallowed and guided by the action of the tongue to the cricoid of the larynx in the throat. As soon as this has been thoroughly learned the lead is coated with lime. This eats into the sac and enlarges it. The size of the article to be pouches is gradually increased until it is said that many of the Indian thieves can pouch 8 or 10 rupees at once."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Casting Metals.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting was said to depend upon whether the metal contracted or expanded on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract in cooling and therefore are not suitable for casting.

As to Strikes.

"What's the matter with that man?" asked the clock. "He doesn't seem to have anything to do but wind me up."

"No," replied the calendar; "he isn't working. He and his companions struck some time ago."

"Huh! Suppose I should stop working every time I struck?"

"That's so, but I notice it freshens me up every time he takes a month off."—Philadelphia Press.

A Sweet Emerson.

"What a beautiful volume of Emerson's 'Essays' you have, Miss Madge." "Yes. Isn't it lovely? It's a candy box."—Indianapolis Journal.

SAVED HIS POSITION.

QUICK WIT LANDED HIM SAFELY OUT OF A TIGHT PLACE.

How a Clerk Worked Up an Excuse That Was Gladly Accepted by His Employer, to Whom He Had Shown Gross Inefficiency.

"It's mighty hard for a clerk to be suave and polite all the time," said a department manager in one of the big stores. "A clerk is like any other human being, subject to headaches and indigestion and fits of irritability, and occasionally he will be a little gruff without intending it. When I was younger, a few thoughtless words once came from my tongue, and I was just developing an ugly headache, when a man came in and asked to see some cravats."

"I could tell from his general appearance he was from the north, and he had a curt, semisupercilious manner that irritated me immediately. If I had been feeling well, I would have kept my temper, but my head was throbbing, and when he pawed over the stock, finding fault with everything and sneering at my statements as to quality I began to get crusty."

"Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. 'If you really want a scarf,' I said, 'you'll find plenty here that, I dare say, are as good as anything you've been accustomed to wear.' Just then I happened to look up and caught sight of a doorwalker standing in a rear aisle and making frantic gestures to me with his hands."

"If you'll wait a moment," I said to the customer, wondering what the means was up, 'I'll see if I can find anything else at the other side.' With that I hurried over to where the doorwalker was standing. 'What's the matter?' I asked in a low tone.

"Great Scott, man," he whispered, "that's the boss!"

"The store, as I should have explained, was the southern branch of a New York establishment, and during the time I had been there the head of the firm had never before paid it a visit in person. Consequently I didn't know him by sight, and my blood ran cold when I realized how hopelessly I had rammed my foot into it. During the next five seconds I did some quick thinking, and among other things that came crowding into my mind was the fact that the boss had been married only a short time before. That gave me an idea."

"I'm going back," I whispered to the doorwalker, "and in a minute or two you send one of the boys to me with a piece of folded letter paper."

"What are you up to?" he asked.

"Never mind," said I. "You do exactly as I say. Let him just hand me the paper and walk off. I hurried back to the counter and found my man looking as black as thunder. 'Sorry,' I said, still as gruff as ever, "but that's all I have. If nothing in it suits you, you'll have to go elsewhere."

"Very well," he replied sarcastically, "and now let me give you a small piece of information. I"—

"At that moment a boy handed me the paper. I tore it open, pretended to read a note, slapped my leg joyfully and proceeded to do a double shuffle on the floor. The stranger glanced at me in amazement. 'What the deuce is the matter with you?' he growled. 'Are you crazy or just drunk?'"

"Neither," I cried. "I am simply relieved, inexpressively relieved and rejoiced! You must pardon this idiotic exhibition, my dear sir, I went on earnestly, 'and I hope you will also pardon my gross rudeness to you a moment ago. I was beside myself with anxiety and didn't know what I was doing. The fact is, I said, with the best imitation of diffidence I could muster up, 'the fact is, we have just had a new arrival out at my house. It's a boy, sir, and everything's all right. And really I hope you will overlook it.'"

"Don't say a word," he interrupted, cordially grasping by hand. "I appreciate your feelings, and your apology is ample. Here's my card."

"So that was the way I got out of it," added the department manager, grinning, "but it was a close shave, especially in view of the fact that I was and am a case hardened old bachelor, with special aversion to infants. The boss was very kind and cordial, and whenever he came to town afterward he never failed to ask how the youngster was getting on. He doesn't know any better to this day."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Lost Line.

"It may have been unprofessional conduct," said the civil engineer, "but I acted on the spur of the moment, and I hardly think that there was any harm done. I was out in the country one day on an important piece of business, and as I was about to leave for the depot to catch a train for the city two old farmers came to me with a line fence dispute that they wanted me to settle for them. I had barely time to catch my train, and I told them that I was not sure to bother with it. It was only a matter of six inches or so that was in dispute, and I advised them to split it up between them. But they wouldn't listen to my advice, and one of them declared that if I didn't find the line for them he wouldn't let his son drive me to the station as he had promised. As I had no other way of reaching the depot I unpacked my instruments with a sigh and a mental resolve to end the thing as soon as possible."

"Wul," drawled both of the old men as I took my eye away from the instrument, 'what's the line?"

"Gone," said I solemnly.

"What? They both shouted."

"You can see for yourselves, gentlemen," said I, making way for them.

"By gosh, I can't see it!" said one of them as he squinted through the glass.

"I'll be darned if I kin either," said the other one as he, too, squinted through the glass.

"It seems to have disappeared, gentlemen," said I. "Such cases are extremely rare, but they are known to happen."

"When I left, they were accusing each other of having stolen the line."—Detroit Free Press.

As She Described It.

It was the first day of school. The bell had tapped, and the little children of the school primary were sitting upright in their seats, hands properly folded and with round eyes fixed on the new teacher, taking a mental inventory.

She was a bit nervous. It was her first school. The children made her "fidgety," they stared at her so hard and watched her so narrowly.

She began to feel like a mouse that is with the clutches of a cat. She clutched at the twigs and for some cast about wildly in her mind for some occupation to begin the first day. She regretted bitterly that she had not arranged some definite plan of campaign. Then her face brightened. She would find out what the children already knew. Question followed question, touching on divers subjects.

"Now, who knows what a skeleton is?" asked the teacher, smiling coaxingly.

The little girl wearing the pink gingham apron and occupying the back seat waved her hand wildly and worked her mouth in frantic endeavor to get "teacher" to look at her.

"Well, what is it?"

"A skeleton," said the tot, twisting her apron in her fingers, "is a man who has his inside outside and his outside off."—Denver Times.

Advantages of Long Sentences.

The last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the appetite cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatched roofed farmhouses, with apartments in the garret for the family and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of bright colored flowers and cats on the ground floor a large and light sitting room, separated from the milk cattle department by a partition, and in the front yard rose, stately and fine, the wealth and pride of the house, the manure pile.

That sentence is Germanic and shows that I am acquiring that sort of mastery of the art and spirit of the language in which enables a man to travel all day in one sentence without changing cars.—Mark Twain "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg."

Too Much Latitude.

With a bright smile the beautiful Eskimo girl left us to join the merry throng in the ballroom.

"Your daughter is a gay butterfly!" I exclaimed, desiring to be very complimentary.

"For my part, I don't think much of this social life," replied the mother, with sudden vehemence. "The idea of dancing every night till away along in March and then lying in bed next day until Aug. 1 or such a matter!"

It was on my tongue to say that these young people had too much latitude, but I checked myself.—Detroit Journal.

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Obeying Papa. Now, my boys, Quarreling again—and for a miserable little halfpenny? One of the Boys—Well, you said, father, the less we quarreled about the better!—London Tit-Bits.

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